Author of
MANDRAKE
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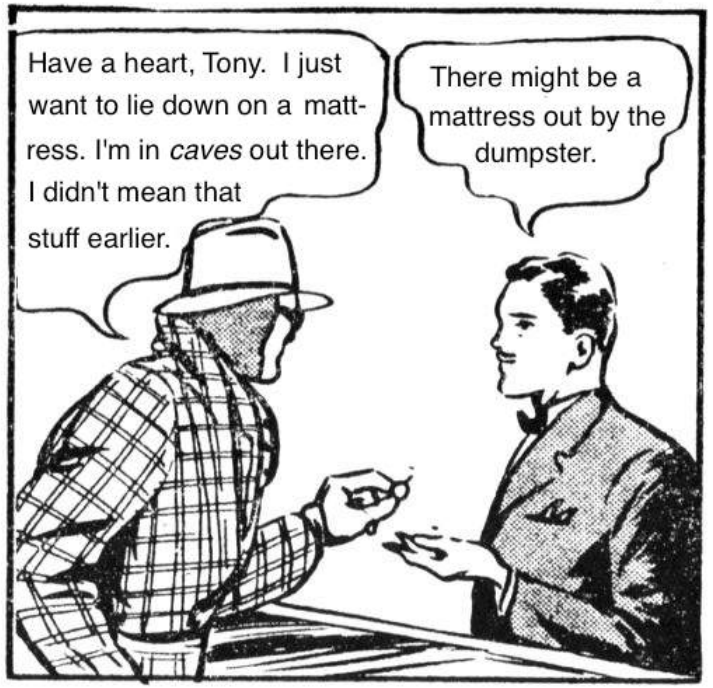
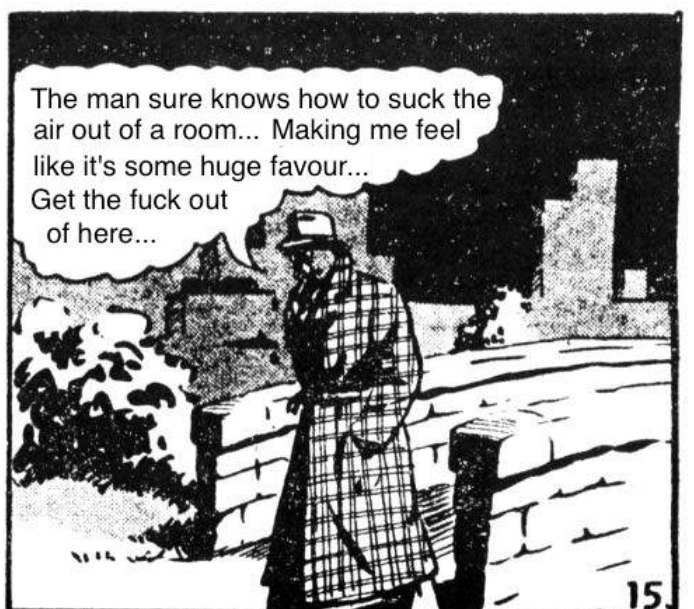
MIKE
Plex Romer.


Have a heart, Tony. I just want to lie down on a mattress. I'm in *caves* out there. I didn't mean that stuff earlier.
There might be a mattress out by the dumpster.

Bingo!
Fine. Okay. But you are not allowed behind the bar. You are not allowed to touch the piano. You are not allowed to go in the kitchen. Promise?

I'm serious, Mike. And I don't want calls at four in the morning about phoney 'room inspections' either... You really fucked my last quarter with that one.
Give me the key already.



He knew, in night's deep ever, where he would go...

Eager, Mike could feel it coming on...

--Well then come on, mister. You don't want *sissy* getting into your genes, do you?
Quit wasting your time. This guy's got *nancy* written all over him. Totally square.

So you're a real sleaze-ball, huh? Daddy, you just made the grade. You hear that, Cliff?
Cliff, buddy, you'd better focus, now. I'm going to tell you straight. You've got a chance in hell keeping up with this ol' nancy.
16

Some dread thing began to roil inside him.

Quickly, they began to arrive... B... I...

Get a load of this!
Well... Costume underneath.
... Fetch some drinks, Cliff.
What is this? Track-suit?

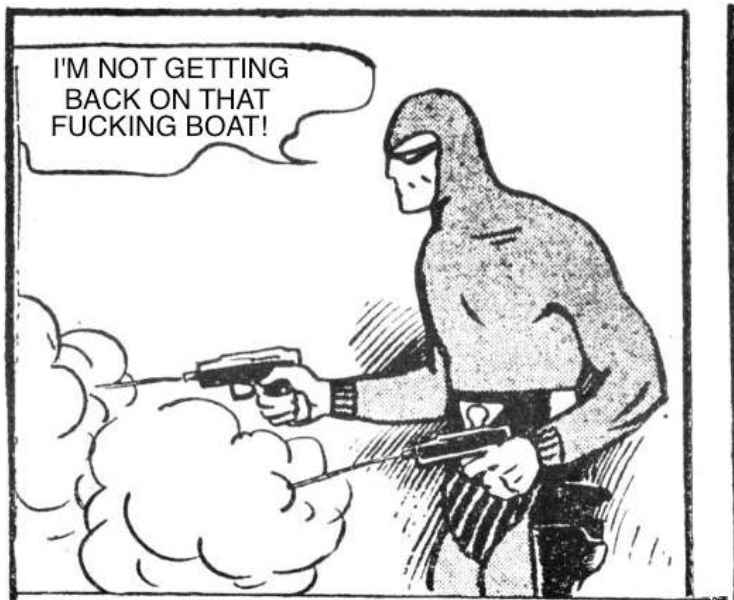
You're trying to worm in on my slice, aren't you?
I've got a story for you, C-dog. By the end, I've got a drink. And at the start, you're not here.

-- I know *all about* 'shore leave'.
Hoo! No way I'm getting back on that fucking boat!

Tear up your papers, Mike. Shred them all. Throw the scraps in the gutter!

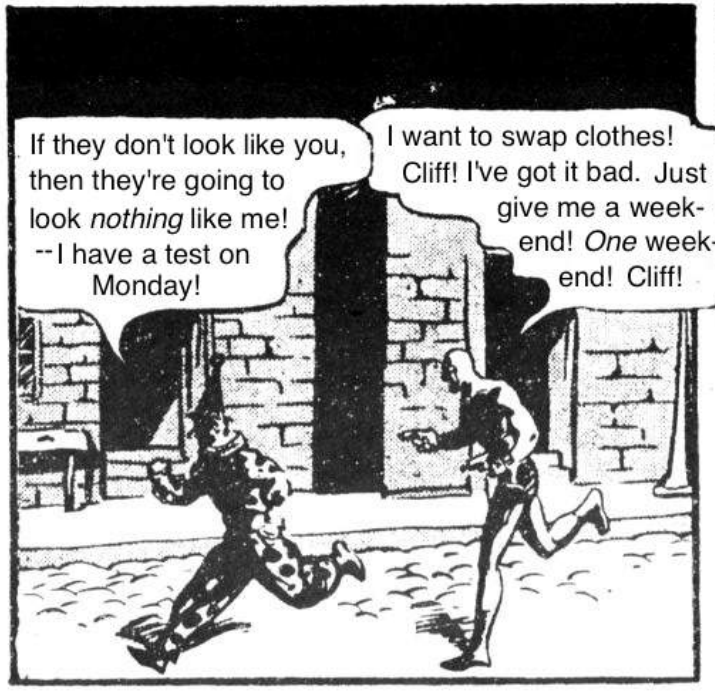
Mike!
Lady, you are ringing my bell with that talk.

Dun dun dun dun!
Hey, Mikey! Way to run, my man! You *got* it!



Heavenly bells, fountaining their gold, chimed chorus!

I know a guy who can fix those floor boards. Tell Franky I had to take off, okay?


If they don't look like you, then they're going to look *nothing* like me! --I have a test on Monday!
I want to swap clothes! Cliff! I've got it bad. Just give me a week-end! *One* week-end! Cliff!

The navy doesn't make *skin-tight*. You're not on *shore leave*. It's your dumb *family!*
Yeah. Cliff, Deb won't care. ...You'll get used to the mos-quitos. That's why the suit. See?

I didn't mean that stuff earlier. Mike, you *are* normal... I just wanted to have some fun. I didn't think--. What are you going to do to me?
Cliff, you're not listening to me. *I'm not getting back on that boat.*
22

I think I've just ... I'm *scared.*
Friday night, Cliff. Come on. We've barely put a dent in it. If it wasn't for my back, I could go all night. You *know* I could. Now scram. I'm sore.

Hi folks. Mike here. I'm all done for another week. --Look, shooting into a crowd might look like fun, but it's no joke. So only do it if there's no other option! Just like you saw here. See you next time!